

## Grave Thoughts by enjolasstaire

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**Summary:**

It didn't hit Will until years later. They're in Mike's basement arguing about whether or not to go to the arcade or mall. Then it hits him. Will has his own grave.

Or

The one where Will realizes he has a grave, and Dustin is there for him.

## Grave Thoughts

### Author's Note:

I always wondered what would happen when Will realized he has a grave.

It doesn't hit him until they're all hanging out in Mike's basement. They were arguing about whether or not they should go to the mall, or arcade. He's not really paying attention, and doesn't really care.

Will shoots up off the couch, with the others looking at him. "I have to go," He muttered, and bolted out of the door. His heart is pounding in his ears, and it's getting harder to breathe.

Will made his way to his bike, and the the others followed him. He didn't hear what they were saying. He was just focused out on riding his bike and going to the grave yard.

He had to see it. He knew it was there, but it never registered until now.

He had to remind himself that it was real.

He rode his bike as fast as he could. He could tell that Dustin was following him at a safe distance. He didn't care though. He just had to do this.

Will arrived, ditched his bike, and ran to the spot. He found his name, and dropped to his knees.

He saw the "William Byers, March 22nd 1971-November 3rd, 1983". He whimpered, and pulled his knees to his chest.

"Will?" Dustin asked, and cautiously approached him.

He jumped out of his skin, and Dustin put his hands up. "Whoa, dude, calm down. What's wrong?"

He took a shaky breath before he told Dustin what was going on. "It just hit me. Dustin, I died,"

Will let out a sob he'd been holding in since Mike's house. He couldn't believe that it actually happened. "No, you didn't. You're here. You're with us," Dustin reminded him.

"Sometimes I- It's not that I- I sometimes think that-" He stumbled over his words.

Ever since the events of the Upside Down and possession, he'd been doing that a lot. It frustrated him to know end. He knew what he wanted to say, but always struggled with putting the sentence together.

He took a deep breath and gathered his thoughts. "Sometimes I still wonder what would've happened if I actually, you know-" He was cut off by Dustin.

Dustin shook his head, and sat down next to him. "Don't say that!" He said in a much harsher tone than he intended. "When they found your body I felt guilty."

Will looked at him. He wasn't sure where Dustin was going with this. "What do you mean?" He sniffled.

Dustin sighed. "Remember the last words I said to you before you disappeared?" He asked, as he hoped to help Will.

He nodded his head. He figured this conversation would come, but not like this. "I know you didn't mean it," Will answered, as he wiped his eyes.

Will could tell there was something else going through Dustin's head. He wouldn't have just brought that up out of nowhere, right?

"You know, I really regretted that that was our last conversation," Dustin replied, as he hoped to get some dialogue going between them.

Will had his head in between his knees. "I know you did. It's okay," He whispered.

Dustin didn't believe him for a second. "It's not. If it was, why are we here?"

Will's head shot up. "I just realized I have a grave. I died. I'm literally looking at my own grave!"

This wasn't going to be easy. Dustin could tell that Will was in a bad place. Will wasn't one to just open up, but this was different.

"I know, I know. But you can't think about the past. You're not down there. That's not you. You're here," Dustin reminded him.

Will choked out a sob. "I'm sorry. It's just that I feel so lost. You know? All of you guys are moving past this, and I'm not,"

"You know that's not true, right? We all still have our own problems, Will. Not just you," Dustin retorted, again not meaning to snap at him.

Will knew he sounded selfish. He knew he was being difficult. He knew that his friends were better off without him. But hey, that's what happens when you're 14 and see your own grave, right?

"I should go-" He said, but before he could get off the ground, Dustin stopped him.

"Don't. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have snapped. I keep on thinking of that night. How my last words to you were 'I'm gonna kill you', and the next day you were gone," Dustin started, now his turn to cry. "I didn't want that to be our last conversation. Which is what I thought it was when we had the funeral."

"Dustin-" He started, but the Dustin cut him off.

"No, no it's my turn now. Let me finish. I felt so guilty that it was my fault you were gone. I wished it, and it happened. I didn't like that I had that kind of power," Dustin admitted, with it being his turn to have his heart on his sleeve.

Will laughed. He didn't mean to, but it just kind of came out. "You're laughing," Dustin stated, while wiping his eyes.

That made Will laugh even harder. "You can't get rid of me that easily," Will laughed.

This felt like the old Will was back. “See, there you go! The next time you feel like this, tell us. We’ll listen,” Dustin reminded him.

Will nodded, and gave the other boy a hug. “Thanks for putting up with me,” He said, and smiled.

“Can I tell you something?” Dustin asked.

Will smiled, and nodded.

“I’d do it all over again,”

The two boys hugged each other, and they knew it was a step towards healing. “Ready to go back?”

Will agreed, and the two of them rode their bikes back to the Wheeler house.

When they arrived, Dustin told them not to crowd Will and ask questions. And that he just needed some space.

It was Mike who pulled Dustin aside, to check up on him. “So, what was that all about?” He asked, as he was worried about the both of them.

“We just had a good conversation. That’s all,” Dustin answered.